



WOULDN'T YOU?

Wouldn't you like to go to-day and
browse
On a hillside slope where the winds ca-
ress
In an old dance with the daisies tall,
And the larks sing loud, and the thrushes
call,
And the peach and apple blossoms float
Like each was an opal tinted boat,
With a fairy helmsman, drove along
On an airy fairy stream of song?

And you almost catch the elfin hall,
And an almost glimpse of the elfin sail,
And, where you dreamed 'neath the apple
tree,
The waves would run of an inland sea,
Each wave's crest white with the mar-
guerites,
And, far where the sea and the headland
meets,
Just an old gray wall where the shadows
sit,
And a maid and a lover might come and
sit.

Fiegh-oh! but I know of a place, I do,
For all of the world like that, don't you?
The wall is of square-hewn stones, and
green
With a century's moss, and I carved my
own
And another's name on its face one day,
When she and I in our childish play
Had climbed the hill and had wandered
there;
My barefoot sweetheart young and fair.

Heigh-oh! I do—I know of the place
Where the grassy sea's green billows
moan,
And I know the place where with rock
and nail
I carved our names; and the blossoms
sail
In the same old way; but the barefoot
maid
With the sky blue eyes who stood half
afraid
By my side is gone, and I'm old and lone,
And as gray and worn as the lichened
stone.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN
"THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS
KING OF THE SEA

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "Commodore Paul Jones,"
"Rouben James," "For the Free-
dom of the Sea," etc.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Meanwhile old Jabez had been steer-
ing the brig with consummate seamans-
hip. With every appearance of en-
deavoring to hold her close to the
wind, he had skillfully allowed her to
fall off, little by little, until she was
quite perceptibly to leeward of the
French ship. Grafton judged that now
or never things were opportune for his
daring attempt.

"Send the men to the starboard bat-
tery, Mr. Stanhope," he said quietly,
as he realized that he had approached
the supreme moment, and it was about
time to try his coup, or give over the
attempt and give up the ship. "Get
the stuns'ls ready for setting and see
that the gear is all clear. I want smart
work from the sail-trimmers, now! Sto-
om, stand by that helm and mind the
orders! Bid the men train their guns
aft, Stanhope, and fire when I give
the word. Now, then! Up with the
helm! Over with it! Hard-a-
weather! Tend the after-braces! Hands
ready! Round in forward, flatten in
the head-sheets! So! Stand by with
the starboard battery! Now! Fire! Let
her have it, men! Stay away with those
stuns'ls! Steady with the helm! Quick,
for God's sake! Well done, all!"

Once more the eight six-pounders
barked out. In a cloud of her own
smoke the Boxer rounded on her heel
again, bringing the wind aft again,
darted away at right angles to her
former course. Covered with stuns'ls
aloft and aloft, she leaped along at a
great pace, gaining distance with every
moment. Were they to succeed in es-
caping?

But the captain of the liner had fore-
seen the skilful endeavor. A less
able seaman might have attempted to
emulate the Englishman's motions and
followed on the brig's heels; a less
thoughtful commander would not have
been ready for the only move which
would have stopped the daring man-
euver. With proper judgment, he
chose to crush the audacious English-
man with his mighty battery.

In spite of the promptness with
which Grafton's order had been carried
out, and the advantage gained there-
by, the brig was still within easy
range of all but the lightest guns of
the French ship. Since the weather
was mild, it permitted the lower deck
ports to be opened and her heaviest
guns to be used. As the Boxer pre-
sented her stern to her huge antagon-
ist, the latter was suddenly wreathed
with fire and smoke. The thunderous
roar of her discharge could have been
heard for miles. Her captain took no
chance, every gun that bore was dis-
charged at the doomed vessel.

A tempest of iron came hurtling
aboard the brig. She was like an egg-
shell under a trip-hammer. From a
trim and saucy little vessel she was
reduced in the twinkling of an eye to
a wreck. The main-mast was carried
away a few feet above the deck, the
foretop-mast was hanging up and
down the foremast, nearly every
shroud and stay had been parted. The
stern of the brig had been beaten in.
Her boats were cut to pieces, and the
decks were filled with dead and
wounded, poor Stanhope among the
former—a round shot had taken off
his head. Old Jabez, unhurt, still
clashed the wheel. The foresail,
though almost cut to ribbons, still held

a little wind, and the brig wallowed
slowly ahead through the water.

"Good God!" exclaimed Grafton,
who had come off scatheless, dazed at
the failure of his effort and the deadly
price he had paid so fruitlessly, "how
horrible!"

It had been a gallant attempt. In-
deed, the only possibility of escape had
been that he had tried. It had failed
owing to the preparedness and good
judgment of the French captain. There
were not ten sailors in France
who could have done so well as he.
With almost any one else opposing
him, Grafton might have escaped. But
now his brig was a wreck beneath him.
There was nothing left for him but to
surrender. Throwing his weighted
bag of dispatches overboard, he drew
a handkerchief from his pocket and
waved it toward his enemy.

Seeing the hopeless and helpless con-
dition of her quarry, the French ship
of the line swept gracefully up into
the wind by the side of the broken
brig. Her way was checked, her pon-
derous yards swung, and she heaved to
a short distance off. A magnificent pic-
ture she presented, with her frowning
sails, her guns, her lofty pyramids of
sails, her decks crowded with brilli-
antly uniformed officers.

The French could plainly see that
there was no boat left on the Boxer;
therefore, in a few moments, a heavy
cutter was swung from the davits of
the liner and lowered into the water.
Presently an officer, attended by a sur-
geon and a surgeon's mate, stepped on
the deck of the brig.

"You speak French, monsieur?"
asked the officer of Grafton, who stood
in the gangway to receive him.

"Yes, sir," answered the American,
bowing.

"And you are—?"

"Lieut. Philip Grafton, commanding
his Britannic majesty's late brig
Boxer. And you are—?"

"Lieut. St. Andre du Verger, of his
most christian majesty's ship-of-the-
line Le Thesee, commanded by M. le
Comte de Kersaint de Kerguelen."

"I am at your service, monsieur.
The fortune of war has made me your
prisoner."

"M. de Kersaint desires that you re-
pair on board his ship at once, mon-
sieur."

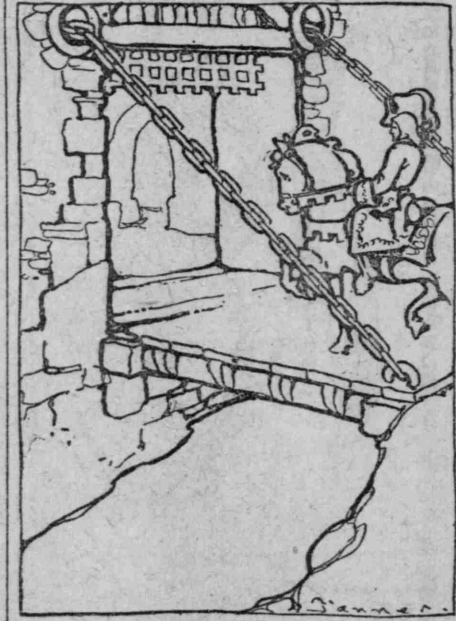
"Willingly, M. du Verger," said
Grafton, striving gallantly to hide his
sadness at this bitter ending of his
cruise. "At your orders. Will you
see to the poor fellows I leave here?"

"With pleasure, M. le Capitaine. I
have brought a surgeon and a sur-
geon's mate for the purpose."

CHAPTER III.

ENEMIES ARE FRIENDS.

THE change from the broken
and shattered brig to the
spacious and magnificent
ship of the line was startling.
The latter was a brand-new ship fresh
from the ways. Every improvement
which the most skilled naval archi-
tects and ship-builders of the day



THE DRAWBRIDGE.

could devise—and France easily led
all nations in the fine art of naval
construction at that time—had been
lavished upon Le Thesee. The practi-
cal ability of the designers, exhibited
in many novel and useful contrivances,
had been re-enforced and not
obscured by a lavish display of pol-
ished metal work, ornamental fit-
tings and wood-carving, which would
have better suited a royal yacht than
a vessel of war.

As Grafton came through the gang-
way he was met by an officer and con-
ducted aft to the high poop deck, upon
which a brilliant group of officers were
collected about a tall, splendid-looking
man in the prime of life, who was evi-
dently the commander of the ship. Grafton
stepped toward him, bowed
graciously, and then, extending his
sword, remarked in excellent French,
of which he was luckily a thorough
master:

"The fortune of war, monsieur, has
made my small vessel the prize of
your magnificent ship."

"You are a bold man, young sir, and
in many instances—perhaps most—
your gallant attempt to escape by run-
ning off before the wind would have
been successful," returned the French
captain, magnanimously. Then, touch-
ing the hit of the young American's
sword, he added graciously, bowing in
his turn: "Retain your sword, mon-
sieur, I should be loath indeed to de-
prive so brave a man of the weapon
which he has shown he knows how to
wear so worthily. Sang diou!" he
added, relapsing into the patois of his
native province, "twas an impudent
thing, sir, to slap us in the face like
that when we first caught sight of
you, and then try to run for it! But
there are few keels laid down that Le
Thesee cannot overhaul, I think. Hey,
messieurs?" he questioned, turn-
ing to his officers; his remark being
received with acclamations of assent.

"Young sir," he continued, addressing
Grafton once more, "will you give me
the name of your brig?"

"H. B. M. brig Boxer—at least she
was his this morning. She is yours
now, monsieur."

"Where from and whither bound,
monsieur?"

"From Gibraltar to Portsmouth."

"On what errand?"

"With dispatches, sir."

"Where are they?"

"Overboard and sunk, sir."

"Ha! And what of the fleet of Mon-
sieur Boscawen?"

"I can tell you nothing of that, sir."

"Nor as to the contents of the dis-
patches?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Humph! Your name, young sir,
and rank."

"Philip Grafton, monsieur, a lieuten-
ant in H. B. M. navy, lately First
of the Torbay, ship of the line, and
more recently commanding the
Boxer."

"Grafton!" exclaimed the other, sur-
prised, "are you an Englishman?"

"No, monsieur," answered the young
officer promptly and proudly, "I am an
American. I was born in Massachu-
setts."

"And you are the son of—?"

"Admiral John Grafton, monsieur,
who commanded the colonial armed
ship Shirley."

"At the siege of Louisburg in 1745?"

"The same, sir."

"Did your father ever tell you of the
engagement he and one or two other
private armed ships had with a French
frigate seeking to enter the harbor?"

"La Renommee?" interrupted Grafton
in great surprise at the other's knowl-
edge. "Certainly, monsieur, often."

"Twice that fight, indeed, that won his
king's approval and gained him the
commission which was in turn passed
on to me."

"My faith, sir!" exclaimed the
French captain, smiling, "twas a hot
fight indeed! I never have seen a
better. He well deserved the com-
mission he won. No wonder that you
did not quit before a ship of the line,
young man! You have in you the
mettle of your father."

"Did you know my father, sir?"
asked Grafton, in great surprise.

"I have heard him speak from the
iron throats of his guns, sir."

"Then you are—?"

"I was the captain of La Renommee."

"And your name is—?"

"Guy de Caennapreu, Comte de
Kersaint de Kerguelen, Capitaine de
Vaisseau of His Most Christian Maj-
esty Louis XV., whom God protect,
and very much at your service, mon-
sieur. Here is no case of prisoner and
enemy, gentlemen. The father fought
me, I befriended the son. Is it not just,
messieurs?" asked Kersaint, turning
to his officers once more.

"It was Grafton who answered:
"Tis more than justice, Monsieur
le Comte, 'tis kindness, indeed!"

"N'importe, monsieur; I would that
I could give you back your ship, but
that, of course, is impossible. Never-
theless, your captivity shall be made
as light as possible. We are bound in
for Brest, and this gentleman here,"
indicating an old man in rich civilian
dress, who had surveyed the scene
with interest, "is my most noble kins-
man, the Marquis de Chabot-Rohan. He
will, I am sure, as my prospective
sailing tence in a few days debar me
from keeping you with me or ex-
tending you the hospitality of my poor
house, take you into his own chateau
until you are exchanged. 'Twill be a
pleasant prison, sir, and there grows a
wild Breton rose within the walls. Is
it not so, Monsieur le Comte?"

"As to the rose, I cannot say. Mon-
sieur Grafton may find it thorny; but
as to receiving him, certainly, de Ker-
saint," responded the old man just
addressed by the captain. "I have a
soft spot in my heart for Americans,
as you know, since my only son hon-
ored himself by marrying a daughter
of Virginia—a land of brave men, mes-
sieurs, and fair women. Helas!"

"Monsieur le Marquis," quickly an-
swered Grafton, who had not spent
some years of his life at court for
nothing, "I thank you for your hospi-
tality and I congratulate you upon
the source from which it flows. I ac-
cept it gladly—roses and thorns as
well."

"Monsieur, you honor me by your
acceptance. As to the rose, Monsieur
de Kersaint speaks with the romantic
license of Brittany. 'Tis but a child,
monsieur, my little grand-daughter.
I am the thorns—a dull old set, sure-
ly," added the old man, smiling rather
grimly.

"Faith, de Chabot, he who would
fain pluck your rose will find you
sharp enough, I'll warrant. Morbleu,
you haven't forgot that parry and re-
turn you taught me when I was a
boy and you a young soldier. Ah,
messieurs, if any of you seek speedy
gentle death you may easily find it be-
fore the marquis' point—"

"Gentlemen," smiled the old man,
"here is no thought of death, but the
tale of a little girl. Monsieur Graf-
ton—"

"There are roses in England and
America, Monsieur le Marquis—ay,
and thorns, too. And no true man was
ever deterred from wearing one for
fear of the other. But, mistake me
not, I'll not seek to pluck your Breton
flower," replied the American, entering
into the spirit of the jest. "I shall be
your prisoner and—"

"Say my guest, monsieur. But
enough," said the old marquis, frown-
ing slightly. "As to the rose, we have
carried the plesantry too far already,
messieurs. Let us have no more of it.
Monsieur Grafton, direct your private
baggage to be brought to the ship
here; we'll leave for my chateau on
our arrival this evening."

"Monsieur de Kersaint," said
Grafton, "will you add to the obli-
gations under which you have laid
me, by giving orders that my poor
men, the wounded, I mean, are to be
well cared for, and then have my pri-

vate baggage sent off to the Tasse-
My steward, who is aboard the Boxer,
will attend to it."

"Your men shall be attended to as if
they belonged to me," responded the
French captain, graciously, "and your
private belongings secured. Mean-
while, will you step into my cabin
that we may discuss further our com-
mon interests and friendships? Mon-
sieur St. Laurent," he added, turning
to his executive officer, who held the
rank of capitaine de frigate, "will you
throw a prize crew on the doughty
little Boxer—a hard hitter, indeed—
and bid her follow us into Brest un-
der a jury-rig when she can. On se-
cond thought, monsieur, lie by her for
a few hours until she is fit to go
ahead. We would better convoy her
in. I should not like to lose her for
all she is but a small prize."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GARDEN AND THE ROSE.

THE Chateau de Josselin, a
place not unknown to his-
tory, lay hard by the sea-
shore a few miles from the
town of Brest toward which it turned
its landward side. It was a building
of great antiquity and had been in the
possession of the family of de Rohan
from feudal times. One face looked
seaward over the wild crags, where
the stormy waves of the Bay of Bis-
cay broke in ceaseless onslaught, beat-
ing themselves into the white foam of
sea agony upon the stern shores.

At the foot of the steep or principal
tower, which was built upon the sheer
edge of a precipitous headland, there
was a deep indentation in the cliffs,
which, if one possessed sufficient skill
and knowledge to thread the narrow
passage twisting between the roaring
breakers, afforded a safe harborage for
boats and small coasting vessels. It
had been long unused, of course, owing
to the spacious harbor of Brest close
at hand, but in old days it had been
a favored haven of the adventur-
ous lords of Rohan—and sometimes
of their enemies as well.

Landward the main chateau over-
looked a singularly pleasant garden
filled with ancient fruit and shade
trees, the whole inclosed by a high
wall from which, and better still from
the high tower, a full view of Brest,
its fortifications, its naval station, its
harbor and its shipping could be ob-
tained. It was to this castle that
Philip Grafton was conducted upon the
evening of the arrival of Le Thesee in
the harbor.

The Marquis de Chabot-Rohan, or,
to give him his familiar title, de Cha-
bot, the heir and successor to the di-
gnities of the de Rohans in those parts,
and consequently the master of rich
and extensive possessions, kept up a
princely estate in the old chateau, and
it pleased him still to perpetuate the
ancient usages and customs of his
house so far as he could. The castle
itself seemed to be maintained as a
mediaeval fortress might have been.
The ditch surrounding it on the land-
ward side, instead of being dry and
grass-grown, as was the custom, was
kept well filled with water; the draw-
bridge—the sole means of crossing the
moat—was raised and lowered at ap-
pointed hours; and close watch and
ward were kept by the feudal retain-
ers of the house at the gateway and
on the walls. To seaward the walls
were so high and so strong that the
castle, placed on the very edge of the
beetling cliffs, was believed to be im-
pregnable.

[To Be Continued.]

Fatal Oversight.

"Young Watkins and his bride have
already quarrelled," remarked the so-
ciety reporter, "although they have
only been married two weeks."

"What's the trouble?" asked the
sporting editor.

"It seems," explained the pencil
shaver, "that the wedding presents
were at the bottom of it. He wanted
to take two or three of them to his
office, and she objected."

"Serves 'em right," growled the
sporting editor. "They should have
signed an agreement as to the divi-
sion of the gate receipts before the
match was pulled off."—Chicago Daily
News.

Significant Comparison.

Leonard Bacon, who was one of the
best-known theologians in New En-
gland a quarter of a century ago, was
attending a conference in one of the
New England cities, and some asser-
tions he made in his address were ve-
hemently objected to by a member of
the opposition. "Why," he expostu-
lated, "I never heard of such a thing
in all my life!" "Mr. Moderator," re-
joined Bacon, calmly, "I cannot allow
my opponent's ignorance, however
vast, to offset my knowledge, however
small."

Not to Be Greedy.

A teacher in a private class in a
West Philadelphia school was explain-
ing the petition in the Lord's Prayer:
"We ask for our daily bread," she said,
"to teach us that we are not to be
greedy, but only prudent in providing
for our wants, and that we are to have
great confidence in the providence of
God." After she was through she
asked one boy why he did not say,
"Give us this month our bread." To
her astonishment he quickly replied:
"Because it would get stale and moldy."

Court Mourning Dogs.

Fifty years ago the British minister
at Dresden, Mr. Forbes, had three lit-
tle dogs of the Pomeranian breed, one
black, one gray and one white. When
the court was in mourning he went
out with dog No. 1, when it was half-
mourning with dog No. 2 and when all
was going well with dog No. 3.

Full of Feeling.

On Sunday morning the bishop of
Southwell, England, began his sermon
with these words: "I feel a feeling
which I feel you will feel."

GROCERY MAN AND COOK.

Exchange Left-Handed Compliments
and Come Out About
Even.

"Better let me bring you a nice egg-
plant this mornin'," said the grocery
man to the pretty cook, according to the
Chicago Daily News. "Then you can
make your own eggs, Evelina. What do
you do with 'em all?"

"Batter cakes, sweet cakes, custards
an' omelettes mostly," replied the cook.

"Don't you ever make eggnog?"

"I don't know what it is," declared the
cook. "I've heard tell of it, but I
couldn't say whether it was baked or
fried."

"It ain't neither," said the grocery
man. "It's billed. If you go to fry a
eggnog you spoil it. I'd sooner eat it raw.
Where was you Thursday night?"

"Stayed in an' sewed buttonholes on
my dishcloths," said the pretty cook.

"What was that for?"

"To make 'em look pretty—same rea-
son you've got your mustach curled. I
think a man looks well curlin' up his
mustach with curlin' tongs—like a
girl."

"I never seen a girl curl her mustach
myself," said the grocery man. "I
wasn't to blame for this, though. It was
the barber. He got me tied in the chair
so's I couldn't move an' gagged me so's
I couldn't holler an' then got out his hot
irons an' done the job. I didn't want
him to do it."

"I s'pose not," said the pretty cook.

"Sure thing I didn't. I knowed I was
beautiful the way I was. My natural
looks make me enough trouble with the
girls."

"I don't think they ought to blame you
for 'em," said the cook. "You can't help
your face. I had an uncle once that
looked something like you—not quite as
bad, maybe—but he was sensitive about
it all the same, which you ain't."

"He ought to have had his face ampu-
tated if it was as bad as that," observed
the grocery man. "Or he might have
gone to one of these face foundries an'
had it recast. I knew a feller once they
called Nosey, an' he saved his money an'
went to a professor an' got his beak
trimmed down so he didn't hardly have
enough left to smell fried onions. Then
they got to callin' him Pug, an' he went
back to the professor an' wanted to know
if he had any of the old material left to
put back agin. The professor done
the best he could an' the job looked all
right, but Nosey died of heart failure
less'n a month after that. He was scared
to death for fear somethin' would make
him sneeze."

"You'd better see one o' them pro-
fessors," observed the pretty cook.

"Why would I?" asked the grocery
man. "My nose is all right as far as it
goes an' it goes as far as I want to fol-
ler it."

"Your nose may be all right."

"I guess it is," said the grocery man,
indignantly. "How about my hair?"

"I don't like red myself," said the
cook, "but the color's good enough for
them as likes it. It's your lip I object
to."

Disenchanted Don.

A novel illustration of the saying:
"Listeners never hear any good of them-
selves," comes from the London Tailor.
An Oxford don, more highly esteemed
for intellectual activity than modesty,
was asked to speak into a phonograph.
A little later the machine was turned
on again, and he was requested to listen
to his own voice. He listened in silence,
then turned to the company. "It is very
strange!" he said, in a tone of mingled
surprise and resentment. "I can't un-
derstand it, but through this machine I
am made to speak in a peculiarly bump-
tious and affected manner!"

Why He Was Skeptical.

Parson Brown—Why do you doubt the
genuineness of Green's conversion?
Deacon Smith—Because he never says
anything about what a shameless wretch
and miserable sinner he used to be.—
Chicago Daily News.



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